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John Galsworthy Speaks Out.

HE ARRAYS THE MOCKERY OF RELIGION—EAST END POVERTY—ADMITS THE DEFEAT OF THE UTOPIANS AND DEFINES WHAT CULTURE IS.

"THIS MONSTROUS MOCKERY."

"Three hundred thousand church spires raised to the glory of Christ! Three hundred million human creatures baptized into His service! And war to the death of them all! 'I trust the Almighty to give the victory to my arms!' 'Let your hearts beat to God, and your fists in the face of the enemy!' 'In prayer we call God's blessing on our valiant troops!'"

"God on the lips of each potentate, and under the hundred thousand spires pry to the glory of Christ! Three hundred million human creatures baptized into His service! And war to the death of them all! 'I trust the Almighty to give the victory to my arms!' 'Let your hearts beat to God, and your fists in the face of the enemy!' 'In prayer we call God's blessing on our valiant troops!'"

"No creed—in these days when two and two are put together—can stand against such reeling subversion of its foundation. After this monstrous mockery, beneath this grimacing skull of irony, how shall there remain faith in a religion preached and practiced to such ends?"

"PRICES HAVE GONE UP."

"Three weeks before this war began I was in one of those East End London parishes, whose inhabitants exist from hand to mouth on casual employment and sweated labour; where the women, poor, thin, overworked souls, have neither time nor strength nor inclination for cleanliness and comeliness in person or in house; where the men are underfed and underdressed, with faces of those without a future; where pale and stunted children playing in the gutters have a monopoly of any mirthless gaiety there is."

"In one household of two rooms they were 'free of debt, thank Gawd!' having just come back from fruit-picking, and were preparing to take up their existence again on the wife's making of matchboxes at a maximum of six shillings a week, the husband not having found a job as yet. In another, of one room swarming with flies and foul with a sickly, acid odour, a baby was half asleep on the few rags of a bed bereft of bedclothes, its lips pressed to something rubbery, and the flies about its eyes; dirty bowls of messes stood about; an open heap lay in the empty grate; and at a table in the little window a pallid woman of forty with a running cold was desperately sewing the soles on to tiny babies' shoes."

"Prices have gone up. What is happening to such as these? 'You emperors and militarist bureaucrats! There is only one national aspiration worth the name: to have

from roof to basement a clean, healthy, happy national house. 'War the cleanser! Without war no sacrifice, no nobility!' I refer you to that mother, slaving, slaving, without hope and without glory, starved and ill, and slaving in a war with death that lasts all her life for the children she has borne."

DEFEAT OF THE UTOPIANS.

"This is the grand defeat of all of us utopians, dreamers, poets, philosophers, idealists, humanitarians, lovers of peace and the arts; bag and baggage we are thrown out of a world that has for a time no use for us. To the despot, the bureaucrat, the militarist, the man of affairs, we have the militarist, the of affairs, we have always been hateful. If they had the whole of their way, as they have had before now in history and—who knows?—may have again, we should be lined up against a wall and shot. We are soft, yet dangerous, because we venture to hold up little flags in the face of the big flag of force; venture to distract men's attention from dwelling on the beauty of its size."

"I believe solemnly that we English have had to join this bloody carnival of force to guard democracy, honour, and the sanctity of treaty rights. It is sacred necessity; let us keep it sacred, without the loathsome rock of a satisfaction that peace, humanism, and the arts are down, and the country once more showing the stuff of which it is made, a tusk lover of a fight, as jealous and afraid of a rival as ever."

WHAT CULTURE IS.

"Culture! You wreckers of Louvain! Culture! There are stores of knowledge in your Prussian brains, but there is no culture in your blood. Culture is not scientific learning; culture is not social method and iron discipline; culture is not even power of producing and appreciating works of art—though in these days you have not much of that! The Assyrians, the Persians, the old Egyptians had all these qualities—they, like you, had little or no culture."

"Culture is natural gentility—a very different thing. Culture is a quality of some races, inborn or passed into the blood by generations of conformity to humane ideals. You may persist another thousand years, but you will not be cultured at the end. There is a harshness in your blood; there is an arrogance, a thickness of sensibility. Try as you may you will never strain it out of your natures. Culture, forsooth!"

THE CULTURED PEOPLE.

"The Hindoo is cultured, the Burmese, the Jew, the Irish cottager, the Pole, the Russian peasant, even the Englishman; for deep in them all is a live humanity, a far-down kindness, proof against the ranker instincts. You Prussian supermen of Nietzsche's cult have no use for this; it is a quality for slaves, you say!"

"Culture! If you knew what true culture was, you would be the last to claim it. No, no! You have great qualities, no doubt; but do not claim the apostleship of culture, or you will make the nations laugh! Culture is spiritual, not material, salvation; the spiritual salvation of the world will never come from you. Sooner, far sooner, will it come from that Russia whom you despise and dread."

"Culture! You wreckers of Louvain! Water the fern dish at night in the bathtub and leave it there to drain."

Canada Hoping for Agreement

SAYS SIR GEORGE FOSTER.

Ottawa, Dec. 30.—The international situation which has so unexpectedly developed between the United States and Great Britain over the note presented by Washington to the British Government is being followed with the keenest interest.

There is a decided disposition, however, to refrain from mixing in the discussion.

Asked this morning how Canada would fare should such an embargo be imposed, Sir George Foster, Minister of Trade and Commerce and acting Premier, expressed the view that it would be well for Canada to stand aloof while the question is pending.

"Speaking personally and not for the Government," said Sir George, "the situation is a delicate one and the less we say about it the better."

"I might add, however, that what has happened is one of those almost inevitable questions which arise in war times as between belligerents and neutrals. In this case, it is fortunately between two friendly nations, and this fact would lead us to hope very strongly for a satisfactory adjustment."

German Orders at Liege

BORE THE DATE OF 1906.

Brussels, Dec. 3.—I walked out to the University of Liege, which was all knocked to pieces and I ran into something that convinced me beyond doubt of the responsibility for this war.

Yellow German military orders were pasted up in a good many places. They had the German arms at the top, and were dated from the city of Liege, "1906," printed on the orders had been crossed out and "1914" written in with pencil.

The posters were all the same color, a kind of dark yellow, and of different shapes and sizes. I saw them principally around the Place de l'Opera. They were on regular bulletin boards and in some cases pasted to the walls of buildings. Some were long and narrow, some broader than they were long, and some were about the size of a sheet of paper for typewriting. The posters included orders, such as that no drinks other than beer and wine should be sold. I remember one that said persons having horses for sale might bring them to a certain place. Every one of the posters was headed, in German, "City of Liege." And everyone had the printed date "1906" crossed out in blue pencil and "1914" written with the same pencil.

The Kaiser was eight years late in getting to Liege.

When I got into my compartment I found myself with a Hanoverian sergeant of cavalry who was going to Brussels for an operation. He had a healing sabre cut from over the right ear to the point of his chin and a wound on his left forearm that he didn't know how he got, but it had developed blood poisoning and he was afraid of losing his arm. It seems that the sergeant had worked in Chicago for a harvest company and spoke as good English as anybody. He told me a story that is worth putting down, for it's worth remembering.

"I got mine at Mons," he said, "but I killed the British cavalryman that did it. I'll take off my hat to the cavalryman every time, and to the French cavalry, too."

"We were all big men on big horses, and when we lined up at Mons my captain rode out in front and said:

"We're going to meet some British cavalry in a few minutes and I want you to stamp 'em out! We'll show these big-mouthed English what a German cavalryman can do!"

"Well, we looked over at the English line and laughed. They were not heavy men and their horses, which they managed like polo ponies, were lighter than ours. They shortened their stirrups and we laughed some more. None of them had on tunics. Some wore Glangarry caps, some hats and some were bareheaded. A good many had their sleeves rolled up."

"Then came the charge. At first the English rode close, but before they struck us, they spread out, and came on, bent over like jockeys, with their sabres up in front of their eyes. "Those devils rode right through us, and then rode back and went through us again. They're blue devils. They cut with the sabre and then cut back, and I actually saw the heads of our men go off."

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A New "Tipperary"

The Quebec Chronicle, the editor of which is Col. David Watson, who is now at Salisbury with the first Canadian contingent, publishes the following version of "Tipperary" as it is now being sung by the Canadian boys in khaki:

Back to Tipperary started Paddy on the run,
But when half way he heard them say the fighting had begun,
He wrote to Molly, saying, "Dear, although I love you so,
My country's callin', darling, as I'm Irish, I must go."

CHORUS:
It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go,
It's a long way to Tipperary,
From the sweetest girl I know,
Good-bye, sweetest mine,
I'll come back to you in Tipperary,
When we've crossed the Rhine.

Now Paddy's in the trenches, fighting like a lion bold,
And Irish Molly's waiting with a heart as true as gold;
But when the Kaiser's down and out,
And Belgium's free again,
He'll start for Tipperary town a-singing this refrain:

It's a long way to Tipperary
It's a long way to go,
It's a long way to Tipperary,
To the sweetest girl I know,
Good-bye Kaiser Billy,
And "Die watch am Rhine,"
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
To sweet Molly mine.

BERLIN LANDLORDS LOSE \$3,000,000.

London, Dec. 29.—The Landlords' Association, of Berlin, states that in the months of August, September and October alone, unpaid shop, house and flat rents in Greater Berlin totalled \$3,125,000, representing 10,819 buildings.



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Newfoundland as a German Colony.

We Newfoundlanders have been accustomed to freedom for so long that we take it now as a matter of course. Not understanding what we owe to England, some of us feel no gratitude to her and recognize no debt. It may help those who ask why we are called upon to offer our lives or our money for England, if we consider what the effect upon Newfoundland would be if England and her Allies were defeated in the present war.

England's defeat would mean the loss of her control of the sea, and the victory of the German navy, Germany if she conquered England would take possession of several of the British Colonies. She would not attempt to take possession of Newfoundland, for what she needs is an outlet for her surplus population, and England is already thickly populated. She would take possession, in all probability, of South Africa and Newfoundland, both of which could make little or no resistance. If Germany can conquer the mighty navy of England, neither the United States nor any other power could hope to conquer her at sea, for the U. S. navy hardly counts in comparison with that of England. It is evident, then, that nothing could save Newfoundland if Germany were first able to conquer England. That it would be worth her while to possess Newfoundland is clear, since from our island she could control the Atlantic and its enormous traffic, this and we could not expect to have a lighter burden placed on us than Germans themselves have to bear. From this burden we should have no possible chance to escape. Has England placed such a burden as this upon us? And if not, have we no cause to be grateful to her?

Again, in Germany the taxation for the upkeep of the Army and Navy is very heavy. Not only do Germans have to give three years of their lives but they also have to give a large portion of their earnings to the Government. This is altogether in addition to other government expenses such as we have to pay now. It would mean from \$5.00 to \$10.00 per head of population, at least. Up to the present we have paid about 5 cents per head, and even this we have paid of our own free will—for our Naval Reservists. Have we no reason to be grateful to England seeing that she has protected us all these years at her own expense?

Lastly, in Germany itself the people have very few political rights such as we have had for many years. The German Emperor and not the German Parliament decides what shall be done and how the people's money shall be spent. The Parliament can only advise, and its advice may or may not be followed as the Emperor chooses. We in Newfoundland have been accustomed to spend our own money as the Government we elect chooses. England gave us this right long ago. Have we no reason to be grateful for this generosity of our Motherland? Do we want to live under German rule?

We Newfoundlanders may either help England to save the Empire and our own freedom, or we may, if we choose, look on and not lift a hand to help. There are still over 10,000 young men in this Colony who are without family ties and who have not yet enlisted. Are they waiting to be called cowards, or do they understand the Empire's need? If they have not understood, the facts given above may help them to realize that they owe a debt of gratitude that they may now pay. A thousand of our bravest have already come forward, but if ten thousand cowards stay at home while Frenchmen and Russians fight for them, then God help Newfoundland. The men of Newfoundland will show themselves this winter.—The Mark.

U. S. NOT SECURE.

Philadelphia Public Ledger.—There is no reason why the United States should be any more secure than the rest of the world from German attack. On the contrary, a Germany dominating Europe must inevitably seek expansion in the new world. Only by opposing sea power to sea power could the United States hope to maintain the Monroe Doctrine and keep the German flag from being raised in some of the countries south of us.

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